

²
News from Madrid.

T H E

Spanish Beauty :

O R, T H E

Tragicomical Revenge.

Interspers'd with the HUMOURS of a
Merry TINKER, in conveying off the
Bodies of Three murder'd Fryars.

~~~~~  
A P O E M. By E D. W A R D.

~~~~~  
*Long have our English Ladies been admir'd,
For Nature's winning Gifts and Parts acquir'd;
In Love, they prove a Treasure or a Teaze,
Are good Physicians or a bad Disease;
Kind, they're kindly treated, but if not,
None more expert at a revengeful Plot.
Yet, if fair Looks and Cunning will prevail,
Our Spanish Beauty does her Sex excel;
But, as for Virtue and a comely Grace,
A fruitful Womb, fine Shape, and lasting Face,
Of foreign Wives, the lovely British Dame,
As her just due, the Preference may claim.*

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L O N D O N :

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W. H. H. H. H. H.

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THE  
*Spanish Beauty, &c.*



**A**T *Madrid*, where the Kings of *Spain*,  
 In Royal Splendor proudly Reign,  
 A Baker dwelt, who, as 'tis said,  
 Serv'd all the *Spanish* Court with Bread,  
 And daily sent in large Supplies  
 Of Meal, for Puddings and for Pies;  
 Till, by his Dealings, he was grown  
 The wealthiest Baker in the Town;  
 For none, besides himself, could boast  
 The Sale of so much Crumb and Crust,

Tho' sometimes, want of Weight and Measure,  
Made great Additions to his Treasure ;

*For trading Knaves, to heap up Riches,  
Must use foul Dealings and fair Speeches,  
Or few, by downright honest Means,  
Abstracted from their gainful Sins,  
Would qualify themselves, or Heirs,  
To become Aldermen and Mayrs.*

This Spanish Baker, to compleat  
And make his happy Life more sweet,  
Had taken to himself a Bride,  
That wanted neither Wit nor Pride,  
Or youthful Beauty to excite  
The most abstemious Appetite ;  
Adorn'd she was in every Part  
By Nature, polish'd fine by Art ;  
Nor did she want one charming Grace,  
To perfect her alluring Face ;



Her fair inviting Bubbles shew'd  
 No tincture of the *Moorish* Blood,  
 But were so White, that thro' her Skin  
 Their azure Fibres might be seen;  
 Abroad she wore a Veil, 'tis true,  
 As *Spanish* Dames are wont to do;  
 But, thinking 'twas a Sin to hide  
 Such Charms, would turn it oft aside;  
 For Beauty loves to tempt the Eye  
 Of those she scorns to gratify.  
 In courtly Mein, as well as Feature,  
 She was a graceful lovely Creature,  
 Trod out her Toes, held up her Head,  
 And look'd, tho' marry'd, like a Maid,  
 That none would by her Carriage take her  
 To be the Bedmate of a Baker,  
 But rather, as she mov'd, to be  
 Some nice Tid-bit of Quality.

*Thus Beauty, oft, of humble Birth,  
 Outshines the greatest Queen on Earth,*  
 And

*And Vulcan, we by Paris prove,  
Embrac'd a finer Wife than Jove.*

*Much envy'd liv'd this happy Pair,  
He very Rich, she very Fair,  
Well seated in a House that stood  
Anewst a Holy Brotherhood  
Of lazy, lustful, pamper'd Fryars,  
Debauch'd with carnal loose Desires.*

*As e'ery rank and useles Weed,  
For want of cropping, runs to Seed.*

*Among this Nest of Holy Brothers,  
Where some were Chaste, but wicked othets  
Three merry comely Fryers, blest  
With greater Talents than the rest,  
Were, by the neighb'ring Maids and Wives,  
Much reverenc'd for their pious Lives,  
And other noble Gifts, which were  
Attractive Loadstones to the Fair,*

In whole good Service they had spent  
 Much Time, and given great Content  
 To Ladies, who, 'twixt Love and Prayer,  
 Imploy'd the Hours they had to spare.

These Fryars, who had often ey'd  
 The Beauty of the Baker's Bride,  
 Were so enamour'd with her Looks,  
 That they neglected Beads and Books,  
 To read Love-Lectures on the Charms  
 Of her they wanted in their Arms;  
 Yet e'ery Brother thought it best,  
 To hide his Passion from the rest,  
 Bing all alike asham'd to own  
 The sinful frailty of the Gown:  
 But who, that is not gelt, can look  
 On Beauty's Charms and not be struck?  
 No Shield, but frozen Age, can prove  
 Sufficient Armour against Love,

Whose Darts do ev'ry where abound,  
And take their universal round.

This Baker, who was oft at Court,  
Attending on the better Sort,  
To see that neither Bread nor Meale  
Were wanting, where he us'd to deal,  
Left Shop and all Things to the Care  
And Conduct of his Nuptial Fair,  
Which daily gave to each good Brother,  
Some Opportunity or other,  
Behind her Husband's Back, to wooe her,  
And make their Passions known unto her;  
But, Madam, whether out of Fear  
Or Duty to her absent Dear,  
Did, with no little Warmth, reprove  
The Monks for their adult'rous Love,  
And, with due rev'rence to their Order,  
Beseech'd 'em to proceed no further.



Begging each Fryar, as he came  
 Apart, to check his sinful Flame,  
 For that she'd rather dye than grant  
 The Favours which they seem'd to want,  
 But, notwithstanding her Endeavours  
 To bind 'em to their good Behaviours,  
 They still perplex'd her with Addresses,  
 In hopes to compass her Embraces,  
 Putting, at length, such Things upon her,  
 That she could scarce preserve her Honour,  
 B'ing sometimes puzzl'd to escape  
 The pleasing Danger of a Rape,  
 Or yielding to their am'rous Passion,  
 'Twixt female Fear and Inclination:

*For Virtue often flies, we see,  
 From Love and Importunity,  
 And leaves the jolly Maid or Bride,  
 To be consentingly enjoy'd,  
 Thus Opportunity and Time,*

*Which jointly favour e'ery Crime,*

B

Those

*Those arrant Bawds to Evil-doers,  
Make sometimes Thieves, but oftner Whores.*

However, Madam, who, as yet,  
Had too much Virtue to submit,  
Not knowing but some Holy Brother  
Might win her Heart, one time or other,  
Resolv'd to tell her loving Spouse,  
O'th' Monks intent to horn his Brows,  
That he, with clearer Eyes, might see  
Her spotless Love and Chastity,  
And still believe her just and true,  
Whate'er she should hereafter do :

*For Women may to day be chaste,  
And yet to Morrow be embrac'd;  
Their fickle Minds, we must allow,  
Are check'd and chang'd, we know not how.*

One Night, pursuant to this grand  
Design, fair Madam had in hand,

She

She tun'd her Tongue, prepar'd her Wits,  
 And told her Tale between the Sheets,  
 Which work'd two Ways, as Story saith,  
 And rais'd his Vigour and his Wrath :  
 The Husband, thus enrag'd to hear  
 What Rivals he had got so near,  
 All lusty Monks, well fed and idle,  
 With whom 'twas dangerous to meddle,  
 Was plagu'd to think of Ways and Means  
 To punish their intended Sins,  
 And to revenge the many great  
 Affronts they'd offer'd to his Mate;  
 At length, the loving Pair in Bed,  
 Their plotting Heads together laid,  
 When mutual Joy, that nuptial Heaven,  
 And kind refreshing Sleep had given  
 A leisure Hour, between the Sheets,  
 For both to exercise their Wits,  
 In ham'ring out some new Device,  
 That might both tickle and entice

The Fryars, to their own undoing,  
And put an end to all their wooing.

*For Woman, ever since the Fall,*  
*If once provok'd, in spite of all*  
*Her tender Looks and charming Graces*  
*Goes through-stitch in revengeful Cases.*

Soon had the injur'd Pair projected  
A Plot, with ease to be effected,  
The Manner how it should be done,  
The Time and Place agreed upon,  
And all things settl'd that, in fine,  
Might give Success to the Design,  
Then both took up a Resolution  
To put the same in execution.

The Baker, who was all on fire  
To gratify his jealous Ire,  
Perfuant to the cruel Scheme,  
Contriv'd betwixt his Wife and him,  
Went



Went e'ery Evening, up and down,  
 Among his Customers in Town,  
 That she the better might prepare  
 The Monks, for the ensuing Snare,  
 Who waited daily still upon her,  
 In hopes she would resign her Honour,  
 That only Jewel which the Fair  
 Reserv'd, to ease her Husband's Care.

To carry on her Design the better,  
 She now became a merrier Creature,  
 And with more freedom and caresses,  
 Receiv'd each Fryar's kind address,  
 As if she meant to let 'em see,  
 Her Virtue should appear to be,  
 At last, but dow-bak'd Chastity.

*Thus Women oft use cunning Arts,  
 To draw in Fools and win their Hearts,  
 But still deny what they persue,  
 To gain some other End in view.*

Fair Madam, now the Time drew near,  
 Prefix'd for crowning her Affair,  
 To please each am'rous Holy Brother,  
 Prov'd kinder e'ery Day than other,  
 And when they press'd her pouting Bubbies,  
 Or kiss'd her Cheeks, that blush'd like Rubies,  
 Her tender Limbs she'd twist and twine,  
 And seem just ready to resign;  
 Yet still would some Resentment show,  
 Whene'er she was attack'd below;  
 As if her Fears, at e'ery Kiss,  
 Said *No*, when Appetite said *Yes*.

*Thus, subtle Dames will often smile*

*On those they're lab'ring to beguile.*

*As Statesmen, when offended, court*

*And flatter those they mean to hurt.*

When Madam had resolv'd to show  
 More Signs of bending to their Bow,

In such a manner as might prove  
 Fresh Balsam to their painful Love;  
 Accordingly, the crafty Dame,  
 Next time that any Fryar came  
 To visit her, in hopes to find  
 The object of his Lust more kind,  
 Nestled her Tail at what he said,  
 And sigh'd at e'ery Vow he made,  
 Did like a yielding Lass appear,  
 Confus'd betwixt Desire and Fear,  
 Then placing her dear Legs across,  
 Look'd down, and blushing, answer'd thus,  
*Good Father, pray forbear your Suit,*  
*I would oblige, but fear to do't,*  
*Should I comply with your Request,*  
*And hug you to my struggling Breast,*  
*If my revengeful Spouse should hear*  
*That you and I have been so near*  
*Together, his unbridl'd Wrath*  
*Would prove so fierce he'd kill us both;*

*How-*

*And put a spiteful grinning close,  
 To all the Pleasures we propose.  
 However, since you've often sworn,  
 Your Heart does like Mount Aetna burn,  
 And that no young obliging Dame,  
 Except myself, can quench your Flame,  
 I own I have too much respect,  
 To treat your Passion with neglect,  
 And could, methinks, to make you easy,  
 Do any thing, almost, to please ye ;  
 Nah, spare sometimes a happy Minute,  
 In case there was no danger in it ;  
 But pray be civil, for I vow  
 And swear I can't oblige you now ;  
 But if on such a Day you'll come,  
 My Husband will be far from Home,  
 And then, perhaps, I may comply  
 To grant you what I now deny ;  
 Till then be patient, and be gone,  
 For I expect my Spouse anon.*



The Fryar, pleas'd with what h'ad heard,  
 First lick'd his Lips and strok'd his Beard,  
 Then hugging all her tender Charms,  
 That he could clasp within his Arms,  
 He kindly kiss'd her, here and there,  
 And so went home to Ev'ning-Pray'r.  
 Not doubting but they should be doing,  
 At the appointed Time ensuing.

Thus, when the Fryars singly came,  
 Her treatment was to each the same,  
 Appointing ev'ry Holy Brother,  
 A Time to come, one after t'other,  
 Allowing half an Hour, or better,  
 Betwixt the earlier and the later,  
 That neither Fryar should discover,  
 Or meet at Door, a Rival Lover,  
 Assuring ev'ry one apart,  
 That he alone had won her Heart.

And thus, inveigl'd each Gallant

To hope for all that she cou'd grant.

*So fawning Traytors, when inclin'd*

*To Mischief, Woman-like, we find,*

*Use Smiles and Flatt'ries, to decoy*

*Th'unguarded Fools they would destroy.*

When Madam had thus far proceeded,

And made what Steps her Project needed,

Sh'acquaints her Husband, when in Bed,

With all the Monks had done and said,

And tells what Measures she had taken,

To baulk their Lust and save her Bacon.

*That dear Salina of a Wife,*

*The seas'ning of a marry'd Life,*

*Upon which savoury tempting part,*

*Each loving Husband sets his Heart,*

*And if he thinks his Wife too free*

*Of that Tid-bit, he runs, we see,*

*Horn-mad. The greater Calveshead be.*

When

When thus they'd fix'd both Time and Place,  
 And all things needful in the Case,  
 Each Side did with Impatience stay  
 Th'arrival of th'appointed Day;  
 The Fryars, fill'd with hopes of Joy,  
 Did on the Time their Thoughts employ,  
 Tho' neither of the Brothers knew,  
 Each had for Rivals, other Two,  
 But hop'd, apart, the lovely Dame  
 Would give up all, to quench their Flame;  
 None doubting of a luscious greeting,  
 At the next happy time of meeting,

*But accidents, 'twixt Cup and Lip,*

*Do, unsuspected, often slip.*

The Baker, whose malicious gust,  
 Was equal to the Fryar's Lust,  
 Thought e'ery tedious Hour an Age,  
 Until he'd satisfy'd his Rage,

And thus with great Impatience waited  
 All Parties, for the Time prestated;  
 The Monks on Madam's Charms intent,  
 The marry'd Pair to Mischief bent,  
 Both Sides alike dispos'd to gain  
 The Ends each labour'd to obtain.

*So the young Rake that wants a Cooler,  
 And picks up some designing Stroler,  
 Directs his Fancy tow'rs her Socker,  
 Whilst hers is fix'd upon his Pocket;  
 For Lovers, tho' they fondly use  
 Each other, oft have diff'rent views.*

At length arriv'd the wish'd-for Day,  
 On which all Persons were to play  
 Their sev'ral Parts, which Madam's Scene  
 Requir'd 'em to perform therein:  
 I'th' Evening, as the Fryars fate,  
 For coolness, at the Convent Gate,



Beneath a shady Chesnut-Tree,  
 That grew before the Priory;  
 The Baker arm'd, like a Bravado,  
 With Whip, Boots, Spurs, and mighty Spado,  
 Mounted his Gennet, in the Eye  
 Of all his Rivals sitting by,  
 Then, proud as any *Spanish* Priest,  
 Away he spurr'd his prancing Beast,  
 Equip'd, as if he meant to ride  
 A Journey, and to leave his Bride  
 In care, not only of herself,  
 But of his Bus'ness and his Pelf.

*So the fond Youth, when Honey-moon,*  
*Has put kind Nature out of tune,*  
*Takes a Weeks airing to attend*  
*His Uncle, or some other Friend,*  
*And leaves th'ingrasser of his Kisses,*  
*To range and gossip as she pleases,*

No

No sooner was the Sun withdrawn,  
 Beneath the gloomy Horizon,  
 And from the East, approaching Night  
 Eclips'd Apollo's fading Light,  
 But the first Fryar's Time drew near,  
 Appointed by the Baker's Dear,  
 For him to quench his lustful Flame,  
 Fann'd by the Beauty of the Dame;  
 To th'House accordingly he stalk'd,  
 Not dreaming that he should be baulk'd,  
 And finding that the Shop was shut,  
 The Windows in close order put,  
 Thought the fore Rooms were made so dark,  
 On purpose to receive her Spark.

*For evil Deeds agree with Night  
 The best, and therefore hate the Light.*

Now, trembling 'twixt Despair and Hope,  
 He gently lets the Knocker drop,

Which

Which Madam hearing, fled in haste,  
 To welcome her expected Guest,  
 Who had no sooner found a kind  
 Reception, tho' 'twas all a blind,  
 But he began to kiss and squeeze her,  
 And play a thousand Tricks to please her,  
 Nay, strove by force to turn her up,  
 Against the Meal-Sacks in the Shop,  
 But that, by th'Spirit of Resistance,  
 She kept him at a proper distance,  
 Till she had coax'd and drawn him from  
 The Shop, into a distant Room,  
 Adjoining to an Oven, as large,  
 Almost, as any *Western* Barge;  
 But what they did together there,  
 Fair Madam never would declare;  
 Yet, after all her sly decoying,  
 If she still kept him from Enjoying,  
 There must be Kissing, and some Toying.

At length the second Fryar came,  
 In quest of this alluring Dame,  
 And, being bolder than the former,  
 Knock'd like a Hero, to allarm her;  
 She started, feigning a Surprise,  
 And to the courting Fryar cries;  
*O Father, we are both undone!*  
*What shall we do, or whither run?*  
*Where can you fly, to be secure?*  
*It is my Husband's Knock, I'm sure!*

“ Pray hide me (*quoth the Holy Brother*)  
 “ In some dark cunning Hole or other!  
 “ O! save me from the merc'less Fury  
 “ Of Jealousy, I do conjure ye,  
 “ Or Death, if your Espouse comes in,  
 “ Must be the Wages of my Sin.

*Come hither, (quoth the Baker's Wife)*  
*This Oven may preserve your Life,*



Creep in, and at the upper end  
 Lie close, I'll be your trusty Friend.  
 The frighted Fryar took advice,  
 And in he scrambled, in a trice,  
 Whilst she, to manifest her Love,  
 Gave his fat Bum a Shoulder-shove,  
 Next clapt the Oven-lid before  
 The Mouth, then posted to the Door,

The first poor Monk being thus secreted,  
 Her second Lover was admitted,  
 Who, being a more salacious Brother,  
 And younger by some Years than t'other,  
 Was, like a Stone-Horse, so robust,  
 And eager to oblige his Lust,  
 That Madam scarcely could evade  
 The strong home-pushes that he made,  
 But thought she must have stain'd her Honour  
 Ith' Shop, he was so hot upon her:

However, by her *Fies* and *Pishes*,  
 Her skittish Flirts and kind Beseeches,  
 She teas'd his Manhood, till, in short,  
 Her jilting Struggles spoil'd his Sport,  
 And when she'd tam'd him thus, a-while,  
 She led him to her back Asyle;  
 But whether Dalliance might restore  
 The Spirits he had lost before,  
 Or how far she indulg'd her Lover,  
 The artful Dame would ne'er discover.

As thus they toying fate, the third  
 Young Fryar at the Door was heard;  
 At which alarm, up Madam starts,  
 And reassumes her former Arts,  
 Cries, 'Tis my Husband, O 'tis him!  
 And seems to tremble e'ery Limb,  
 Dissembling such convulsive, Fits,  
 As scar'd the Monk quite out o's Wits,

Then,

Then, to the fatal Oven's Mouth  
 Hurry'd the poor astonish'd Youth,  
 There serv'd him as she'd done the other,  
 And pop'd him in to's Holy Brother,  
 Where both lay snug, oppress'd with Fears,  
 But durst not Whisper for their Ears.

When Madam had, with Care and Art,  
 Thus far perform'd a Woman's part,  
 And for their Whoring and their Raking,  
 Moulded two Fryar's fit for baking,  
 She gave, with all convenient hast,  
 Admittance to the third and last,  
 Who, over vig'rous, like the rest,  
 Seem'd mighty eager to be blest,  
 But Madam, who had all her Paces,  
 Pouts, Frowns, Pretences, and Finesses,  
 Still guarded her forbidden Fruit,  
 As long as she'd a Mind to do't,

But whether she at last comply'd,  
 Or not, we cannot here decide,  
 'Tis true, she backwards did decoy him,  
 Whether to baulk him or enjoy him,  
 Our ancient Author was too zealous  
 A lover of the Sex to tell us;  
 However, there she kept him close,  
 And what they did we may suppose,  
 No doubt but both were well agreed,  
 Until the Husband came indeed,  
 And then, what e'er they might be doing,  
 His knocking spoil'd their further Wooing.

Now Madam had again recourse  
 To all her former Ayres, or worse,  
 Till to the Oven's Mouth she led  
 The third poor Monk, with Fear half dead,  
 And so, to give the Dev'l his due,  
 Cajol'd him in to t'other two,  
 Then running to the Door with speed,  
 Lets in her 'Spouse, as 'twas agreed,

Opens



Opens the Scene of his Desires,  
 And tells him how she'ad trap'd the Fryars,  
 That he might now revenge upon 'em,  
 The shameful Wrongs they would have done <sup>(him,</sup>  
 Had not her vertuous Inclinations  
 Secur'd her from their vile Temptations.

The Husband, full of jealous Rage,  
 Ground by his Helpmate to an edge,  
 Runs to the Bakehouse in a hurry,  
 And thus calls round him, like a Fury,  
*Here Foreman, Richard, Thomas, Harry,*  
*Ye drawzy snoring Dogs, where are ye?*  
*Fetch down three Sacks of Meal, at least,*  
*The King, to Morrow, makes a Feast,*  
*Pray work it well, with Hands and Feet,*  
*Whilst I the largest Oven heat.*  
 Then snatching from his Wood, a dry  
 Old brushwood Pimp, that lay just by,

At his Wife's Candle lights the same,  
 And when 'twas crackling, in a Flame,  
 With nimble Hand away he slid,  
 From Oven's Mouth, the Iron Lid,  
 And, spurr'd by Malice, at one push,  
 Pop'd in the fatal burning Bush,  
 Then shutting close the Lid again,  
 Prop'd it with all his might and main,  
 Whilst e'ery poor repenting Fry'r,  
 Half strangl'd with the Smoke, cry'd *Fire*,  
 All scutt'ling round, to save their Lives,  
 Like Bees when smoth'ring in their Hives,  
 Till wanting Breath, they Martyrs dy'd,  
 To Woman's Virtue, Lust, or Pride.  
 For who can tell, but like the bold  
*Assyrian* Queen, so fam'd of old,  
 Madam might first enjoy her Fryars,  
 And then destroy her Occupiers,  
 Thro' Fear, when Honey-moon was over,  
 They should her vicious Deeds discover.

*For tim'rous Dames, that run the risque  
Of taking now and then a frisk,  
To keep their Rep. from Scandal free,  
Will back their Lust with Cruelty.*

The Fryars being thus destroy'd,  
And the fond Baker's Malice cloy'd,  
The marry'd Pair, now struck with Terror,  
Reflected on their Deed with Horror,  
And justly fear'd the Blood they'd spilt,  
Would call for vengeance on their Guilt,  
Nor had they yet consider'd how  
They should get rid of, or bestow  
The three dead Bodies in due time,  
As the first means to hide their Crime,  
But, in this sad confus'd disorder,  
Beneath the crying Sin of Murder,  
They went to Bed, not there to rest,  
But to contrive things for the best,

Yet,

Yet, with what Confidence could they,  
 Who'd sported three Mens Lives away,  
 Be so sollicitous to save  
 Their own, from Justice and the Grave?

Love-Pleasures now were laid aside,  
 And dreadful Thoughts their place supply'd,  
 Each toss'd and tumbld, full of Fear  
 The Fryars Manes should appear,  
 And in some frightful Tone complain  
 Of their unjust and cruel Bane,  
 Till dawn of Day had, in some measure,  
 Dispers'd their Fears and made 'em easier,  
 Then studying how they should convey  
 The three poor smother'd Corps away;  
 At length, they thought of Tinker Tom,  
 A trusty Blade, who for a Sum,  
 Durst lend a hand in any case,  
 Tho' ne'er so dangerous or base.

Now



Now pleas'd, they'd recollected, thus,  
 A Man of more than common use,  
 They both arose from Bed with Joy,  
 To listen for his coming by,  
 At last they heard the Russian beat  
 His brazen Drum along the Street,  
 Who, to make known his sev'ral Trades;  
 Cry'd, *Brass to mend, or Bellice, Maids,*  
 The Baker, being glad to hear  
 The daring Profligate so near,  
 Call'd in the grizzly Knave, in order  
 To make him privy to the Murder,  
 But, e're the Baker's mealy Mouth  
 Could tell the sturdy Lout the Truth,  
 He thought 'twas best for his Design,  
 That both should be refresh'd with Wine,  
 And so conducted Tinker Tom  
 Into a back convenient Room,  
 Where they might Drink, Talk and Advise,  
 Secure from others Ears and Eyes;  
 E Thither,

Thither, to make the Tinker merry,  
 The Baker fetch'd a Kan of Sherry,  
 At which old Grizzle lick'd his Lips,  
 And in his turn took hearty Sips,  
 Till greedy Pulls had made him free,  
 Beyond his *Spanish* Gravity,  
 And rais'd odd Whimfies in his Head,  
 Above his Budget and his Trade.

*So Royal Gin, that Stygian Juice,  
 With English Poor so much in use,  
 To Criples gives aspiring Wings,  
 And turns our Beggars into Kings.*

The Baker, who was no great Drinker,  
 Now thought it time to found the Tinker,  
 So, drop'd with Caution, o'er their Wine,  
 Some slender Hints of his Design.

*Nouns, Master, quoth the bearded Brute,  
 Command me what you please, I'll do't,  
 Hear*

Hear me, Friend Dego, what I say,  
 I'll serve you both by Night and Day,  
 If you're in danger, Blood and Slaughter,  
 I'll run the risque of Fire and Water,  
 Scale Walls or Mountains, to defend ye,  
 And all my best Assistance lend ye;  
 Therefore, pray tell me what's the matter,  
 Distrust me not, I scorn to chatter.

Says Dego, Since you thus intend  
 To serve me, as a trusty Friend,  
 I'll frankly open my Distress,  
 And tell you my unhappy Case,

My Wife, you know, is young and fair,  
 My only Comfort and my Care,  
 And last Night, coming Tipsy home,  
 I found in this same private Room,  
 A strong-back'd, lazy, lustful Fryar,  
 In that same Corner, sitting by her,

Who, in my Absence, did approach her,  
 And us'd vile Methods to debauch her,  
 Nah, would have forc'd her, she declar'd,  
 Had not her Virtue been her guard :  
 Enrag'd at this provoking Sight,  
 My Passion soar'd to such a hight,  
 That with my Iron-Rasp I fell'd him,  
 Then drew my Chipping-knife to gueld him,  
 But found the unlucky Blow had kill'd him. }  
 My Wife and I, her Lord and Master,  
 Much frighted at this sad Disaster,  
 Were in confusion how to hide  
 The Corps, whose Life we had destroy'd,  
 Till my poor Girl, whose wits are finer,  
 And quicker at design than mine are,  
 Pointed, amidst her great surprise,  
 To yonder Oven, where he lies ;  
 Now Gaffer if you'll come at Night,  
 When things are pritty still and quiet,

And



And on your Shoulders bear him down,  
To th' River, at the end oth' Town,  
There toss him in, and when he's found,  
The Convent then will think him drown'd;  
Do this, in order to conceal  
My Crime, and I'll reward thee well.

Nouns! quoth the Tinker, I'll engage,  
To do your Work, fall back, fall edge,  
But first I'll go my Rounds, and when  
The Night's advanc'd, I'll come again,  
However, lets have t'other Kan,  
Fear nothing, Master, I'm your Man,

When Jolly Tom had suck'd and swill'd  
The other Kan, away he reel'd,  
To ring his Saufepan, and repair  
Old Pots and Kettles, here and there;  
The Tinker gone, the Baker now,  
Consulted with his Madam, how

They

They should impose three Monks upon  
 Tom Tinker's Back, instead of one,  
 Yet, when he'd done, should never know  
 He'd carry'd off the other two.

Says, pensive Madam, *Never fear,*  
*Leave that alone to me, my dear,*  
*My Brains already have design'd*

*A Plan, that will the Tinker blind,*  
*And make him take three turns to drown*  
*Three Monks, yet think them all but one;*  
 Then told her Husband how she'd laid  
 Her Scheme, that he might lend his aid.

*Thus, when in Marriage 'tis our Case*  
*To plunge our selves into Distress,*  
*Our loving Wives, those useful Huffsies,*  
*In Stratagem, excel their 'Spouses,*

The Marry'd Pair, when Night drew on,  
 Dispers'd their Servants up and down,

Then

Then drag'd out one poor stiff'd Fryar,  
 And plac'd him in an Elbow Chair,  
 Whose Ghastly grinning Looks exprest,  
 He dy'd with Malice in his Breast,  
 As many do, without forgiving  
 The Injuries they receiv'd when living;  
 At length the merry Tinker came,  
 Possess'd with neither fear nor shame,  
 And b'ing conducted to the Monk,  
 First pulls, then shakes the lifeless Trunk,  
 Rat you, says he, for all your Staring,  
 I find you're Dead as any Herring,  
 'Twas not your Holy Life, for certain,  
 That brought you into this Misfortune,  
 Religion never taught you sure,  
 To make a Neighbour's Wife your Whore,  
 Which you'd have done, you lustful Sinner,  
 Had Virtue not been strong within her;  
 Rare Hypocrites, in Holy Weeds,  
 That durst attempt such wicked Doeds,

*Tet all Day long, within your Cloisters,  
 Tell Beads and con your Pater-Nosters;  
 But now, I think, they've cool'd your Courage,  
 Thou mortal Enemy to Marriage,  
 And tho' thou'rt quite defunct, I'll try  
 To further cool thee, by and by.*

*So, spreads his Wallet on the Ground,  
 And in it wraps the Fryar round;  
 Sets him upright upon his Feet,  
 In his coarse Canvas winding Sheet,  
 Then takes his Burden on his Back,  
 As Coleman do a loaded Sack,  
 And moving to the River side,  
 Made e'ery lazy Step a stride,  
 According to his native Pride,*

*For Spanish Men, and English Asses,*  
*Except they're forc'd, ne'er change their*

(Paces.

No



No sooner had the sturdy Brute,  
 Without the Threshold set his Foot,  
 But Madam, locking fast the Door,  
 To keep themselves the more secure,  
 Did backward with her 'Spouse retire,  
 To draw the second dowb'd Fryar,  
 And place him in the Chair, wherein  
 His Brother had so lately been,  
 Which when they'd done, they drew a Pail  
 Of Water from the Bakehouse Well,  
 And with it made him, as he sat,  
 As wet as any new-drown'd Rat,  
 Then waited, as agreed before,  
 The Tinker's gentle tap at Door.

At length the trusty Lout return'd,  
 Expecting the Reward he'd earn'd,  
 Instead of which, the marry'd Pair,  
 Held up their Hands, as if at Pray'r,

And feigning a Surprise as great  
 As humane Art could counterfeit,  
 Exclaim'd, in one affrightning Tone,  
*O Tinker! Tinker! we're undone,*  
*The Monk you bore away, just now,*  
*Is come again, we know not how,*  
*In yonder Elbow-Chair he sits,*  
*And frights us out of both our Wits;*  
*The Devil brought him back, for certain,*  
*That spiteful Father of Misfortune,*  
*And if you don't assist us further,*  
*We shall all perish for the Murther.*

*Zeers, quoth the Tinker, let me see*  
*The restless Knave,——'e faith 'tis he,*  
*Into the Stream I'll swear I tost him,*  
*And saw him floating, 'till I lost him,*  
*His dripping Cloaths too plainly show,*  
*He's been well dip'd, from Top to Toe,*

*But since young Baldpate and old Nick,  
 Have serv'd us such a slipp'ry Trick,  
 I'll take him on my Back once more,  
 And plunge him deeper than before ;  
 Ne'er fear, I'll drown the Rogue, if Water  
 Will choak him, for a lustful Satyr ;  
 Nab, should the Dev'l be in him still,  
 I'd drown him too, if possible.*

*But should the gaping Waves devour him,  
 The Church, alas, would soon restore him,  
 For tho' they make a rout about him,  
 The Conclave could not act without him.*

*Then up he takes the second Fry'r,  
 Assisted by the marry'd Pair,  
 And tow'rds the River steers his Course  
 Well loaded, like a Miller's Horse,  
 Whilst Dego and his Wife took care  
 To place the third Monk in the Chair,  
 And then, their further Cheat to smother,  
 Baptiz'd him as they'd done his Brother.*

This done, th'attended, as before,  
 The Tinker's tapping at the Door,  
 In order to prepare the Noddy,  
 For carrying off the third dead Body,  
 Yet should believe, when he had done,  
 The three were all no more than one.

The Tinker having labour'd hard  
 A second time for his Reward,  
 Back to the Door in darkness comes,  
 And with his Knuckles softly drums,  
 Not doubting but his last Endeavour;  
 Had crown'd the knotty Work for ever,  
 And stop'd the restless Monk from giving  
 Any more trouble to the Living;  
 But, to his disappointment, found  
 The Monk return'd, instead of drown'd;  
 The Baker praying, Madam trembling,  
 Both gally'd, tho' twas all dissembling,

Which



Which did the Tinker so surprife,  
 That he could scarce believe his Eyes,  
 But thought some Dev'l appear'd, or other,  
 I'th' likeness of a Holy Brother,  
 And that he'ad labour'd all the Night,  
 In drowning some infernal Spright,  
 Growing so tim'rous and untoward,  
 That he became a perfect Coward,  
 And would not back the Fryar thrice,  
 He'ad been so baulk'd and jaded twice,  
 Till Madam, by a plenteous Cup  
 Of gen'rous Wine, so wound him up,  
 That when the Juice had work'd upon him,  
 Her soft Perfwasions eas'ly won him.

*For what dull Soul can bid defiance  
 To Wine and Beauty in alliance,  
 Brisk Bacchus with fair Venus join'd,  
 Must melt the most obdurate Mind.*

*Adzeers,*

*Adzeers, quoth Tinker-Tom, I fancy  
 These Fryars move by Necromancy,  
 They swim and dive like Water Rats,  
 And have as many Lives as Cats,  
 His Outside is, we plainly see,  
 As dead as Flesh and Blood can be,  
 Yet, must the Rogue have Life within him,  
 Or some strange Witch or Devil in him,  
 Else, how could he return and stare  
 Like a dead Pig, in this same Chair?  
 Well, when all's done, these over-zealous  
 Church-Vermin are obstrep'rous Fellows,  
 I find these Monks, these Holy Livers,  
 Like Hogs, will turn upon their Drivers,  
 Then lifting up his horny Fist,  
 He thumps the Fry'r upon his Chest,  
 And wrings his Neck, 'twixt Fear and Spight,  
 From side to side, with all his Might,  
 As if the Ruffian was in Pain  
 To basely murd'r'im o'er again,*

Left some remains of Lust and Life,  
 Should bring him back to th'Baker's Wife,  
 Once more, and by that means retard,  
 His hop'd-for bountiful Reward.

Thus did the moody Knave disclose  
 His Anger, both in Words and Blows,  
 Because the Monk, who, as he thought  
 Was still the same, had put the Lout  
 To much more trouble and uneasiness,  
 Than he expected in the business :  
 So, after many such like Curses  
 As Carmen use to crossgrain'd Horses,  
 Once more he mounts the dripping Monk,  
 And with him reels away half drunk,  
 Making, like midnight Thief, his Sallies  
 Thro' private Streets, bye Lanes and Allies,  
 That with his burthen, unesp'y'd,  
 He might regain the River-side,

And

And by some more industrious way,  
Drown him for ever and for ay.

*As Conjurors, when Spirits fright  
Their Friends, by walking in the Night,  
Confine 'em by their magick Spells,  
For Ages, where God Neptune dwells.*

The marry'd Pair now highly pleas'd,  
To think themselves thus safely eas'd  
Of all the Trouble, Fear and Care,  
That waited on this sad Affair,  
Had nothing now to plague their Spirits,  
But to reward the Tinker's Merits,  
Who'd taken such undaunted Pains  
To save their Lives for little Gains,  
And mov'd off, to himself unknown,  
Three murder'd Monks, instead of one;  
Nor could the Pair, now all was safe,  
Forbear to shake their Sides and laugh,



In thinking of the Trick they'd plaid him,  
 And what an useful Fool they'd made him,  
 Who now, according to his Hire,  
 Having compleatly drown'd the Fryar,  
 Return'd from River-side once more,  
 In hopes his whole Fatigue was o'er,  
 But, in repassing thro' the Town,  
 He spies a Fryar in his Gown,  
 Full charg'd with Liquor, letting fall  
 His Water gainst a Convent Wall,  
 And fancying this poor Monk the same  
 He'd cast so oft into the Stream,  
 Draws out his Hammer, knocks him down,  
 And having crack'd the Fryar's Crown,  
 Rot you, quoth Tinker Tom, confound you,  
 Have not three painful Dippings drown'd you?  
 Well may you piss so freely, after  
 Your guzzling so much River-Water;  
 I'm glad that I so timely caught you  
 Stealing to th' Place from whence I brought you;

*I'll stop your Monksbip's Journey back.*  
 Then gives his Noddle t'other thwack,  
 And in his Passion slings him cross  
 His Reins, as *Reynard* does a Goose;  
 Toth' River-Bank the Fryar bears,  
 And shoots him in, o'er Head and Ears,  
 Who by the Hammer being stunn'd  
 And silenc'd, was more eas'ly drown'd.

*So Highway Thieves, that deal in Slaughter,  
 First knock Men down and kill 'em after,  
 Because, as 'tis in Proverb said,  
 The Injur'd tell no Tales when dead.*

The Tinker, tho' the drowning Monk  
 Was safe, and to the bottom sunk,  
 Stood peering yet a while to watch him,  
 And try if he once more could catch him,  
 But finding, by his Circumspection,  
 No sign o'th' Fryar's Resurrection,

Concluded that his weighty Blows  
 Had sent him to his last repose,  
 And that the Thumps and Waves together,  
 Had drown'd and silenc'd him for ever;  
 Then turning from the River-side,  
 Extreemly pleas'd and satisfy'd,  
 He to the Bakehouse made his way,  
 In order to receive his Pay,  
 There found the marry'd Pair much more  
 At ease than each had been before,

*Well, quoth the Tinker, now, at last,  
 I dare engage the worst is past;  
 I do believe I've cur'd the Fryar,  
 According to your Heart's desire,  
 If he's return'd, I do aver it,  
 He's motion'd by an evil Spirit,  
 Some Brimstone Incubus, that stunk  
 More like a Devil than a Monk;*

For, as I carry'd him along,  
 No Polecat ever smelt so strong,  
 His pos'nous Farts and dripping Flirts  
 Hang still upon my Doublet-Skirts,  
 My Back, if I the Truth may speak,  
 Will scarce be sweet again this Week.

My honest trusty Friend, reply'd  
 The Baker, we are overjoy'd  
 To think you've labour'd not in vain,  
 But done your bus'ness like a Man,  
 The Monk is not return'd, as yet,  
 I find you've forc'd him to submit,  
 And since the Cocks begin to crow,  
 We do not fear his coming now;  
 For evil Spirits fly away  
 With Night, at the approach of Day,  
 And I am sure the Holy Brother  
 Was brought back by some Dev'l or other;



Who else could all our Measures bank  
Three times, and make a dead-man walk?

Nay, quoth the Tinker, I'll be sworn,  
I catch'd him in his fourth return,  
As he stood pissing, like a Spout,  
To ease his Guts, by pouring out  
The Water he had swallow'd down,  
Tho' Old-Nick would not let him drown;  
But with this Tool did I attack  
His Crown, and stop his Journey back,  
And tho' the Dev'l possess'd him so,  
As to remove him to and fro,  
The Blows repeated in my Rage,  
Have parted 'em, I dare engage;  
For, when I'd thump'd him o'er the Noddle,  
And knock'd him down in his own Puddle,  
I rais'd him from the Ground, and bore  
His Corps to th' River-side, once more,

*And there replung'd him, till I found  
 The restless Rogue, at last was drown'd;  
 Therefore he's gone, you may depend on't,  
 All's safe, and there's a happy end on't.*

The Baker, by this Story knowing  
 The Tinker must have been destroying  
 Some living Monk, as he was easing  
 His Bladder in the Street, by pissing,  
 Commended all his watchful Care  
 And Conduct thro' the whole Affair,  
 But from his Knowledge still conceal'd  
 The Three, besides the Monk he'd kill'd,  
 And made him think that all this pother,  
 Arose from one cross Holy Brother,

The Tinker having thus effected  
 His Undertaking, undetected,  
 The marry'd Pair their Bounty gave,  
 And so dispatch'd the merry Knave,  
 Much

Much pleas'd to think that what they'd dreaded,  
 In e'ery part, so well succeeded;  
 But had Ill-fortune cross'd their Aim,  
 The Gallows must have made its claim.

*So plotting Knaves who act by Tools,  
 Do often tempt unguarded Fools,  
 By false Pretences to engage in  
 More dang'rous Schemes than they imagine,  
 In which, if they Success obtain,  
 They may some small Advantage gain,  
 But if they Step awry, or falter,  
 The Prize they hop'd for proves a Halter.*

F I N I S.



Each must to think that he is bound

In every part, to well conduct

But his ill fortune could not find

The Gallows must have made its claim

So dying answer was not by Toole

No often more answered Toole

But his answer to each was in

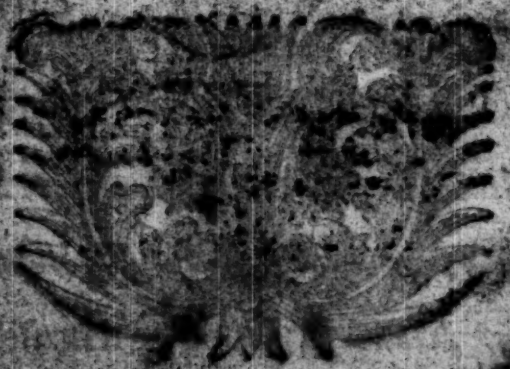
More than ten thousand than they imagine

In which, if they search obtain

They may find small advantage gain

But if they stop any, or rather

Their search will find for many a day





An Elegy on  
Whitehall.

Weep all ye mortals who have tears to spare,  
You that have none continue as you are;  
But if you can't your usual temper keep,  
You, if you please, may laugh at those who weep.  
But reader thou may'st justly ask me why  
Or wherefore, I would have you laugh <sup>and</sup> cry;  
I'll tell thee then, if know the truth you must,  
Alas! Alas! Whitehall's consum'd to dust;  
In earthly things, ah! who would put their trust.

Tho' I confess if I may be so bold  
To tell to you what I have oft been told,  
Twas but a wicked structure whilst it stood,  
I always thought 'twould never come to good.  
Most I believe will my opinion hold,  
Like some good wives, 'twas ugly, and 'twas old.  
Some think it was a palace of renown,  
But I must say (with reverence to the Crown)  
It ne'er look'd truly noble till 'twas down.  
As scattered ruins most delightful be,  
In whose disorder we more beauty see,  
Than can be found in regularity.

Before 'twas burnt, it unregarded stood  
A shapless homely pile of brick and wood;  
But when the fatal flames had bore it down,  
Twas gazed at, and admir'd by all the Town.  
Alas! 'tis gone! and all that does remain,  
Is to rebuild it finer up again;  
Which Politicians say will be the sequel,  
To laugh or cry, to me the matters equal.